

ASK FOR IT

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SUNDAY NIGHT STROLL IN HONOLULU'S ASIATIC TOWN

What is generally known as Chinatown, in that section of Palama where followers of Confucius and the little brown man of Japan live as neighbors in apparent amicability, presents an interesting sight to the Sunday evening stroller.

The Sunday law does not apply on the other side of the Nuuanu stream. Beyond the burnt-out belt Ewa of Nuuanu street, now being rapidly rebuilt in substantial brick and stone, King street, filled with life and light, gleams like an Oriental Rattcliffe Highway. Every store is busy, some have a few shutters half masking the interior, but all are open. The sewing machines are silent, while the tailors, smoking placidly pipes of every description, listen in lazy contentment to the squeaky tones of a Chinese fiddle or a clarinet vigorously played in one oft-repeated strain. Electric light is everywhere, in the coffee rooms, the club rooms, shining through the many-colored soda water bottles that hang in almost every store, and illuminating the hanging signs that tell in Oriental characters of good things within.

It is visiting night with both nations—kimono-clad Japanese, men and women alike, smoking an American cigarette, sit in the stores, around the tea tables, squat on the curb and talk, the men comparatively little, the women much. Here a tiny tot, carrying a still tinier baby on its back, is enjoying the privileges of American civilization in the shape of an ice cream soda sucked through a machine-made straw. The barber shops are busy, fitted with American chairs and mirrors. Everywhere the progressive Japanese has assimilated Yankee ways and customs.

Not so with John Chinaman. He still clings to his costume, his restaurants have the same round tables, and the inevitable bowl of chopsticks and teapot in the center, flanked with bamboo stools, as one finds them in Canton.

He has adopted the sewing machine, but little more. In conversation the Chinaman entirely outstrips his insular neighbors. Seven or eight, chatter volubly in seeming confusion, all in high good humor, with their gaily-clad progeny clambering over them.

The women are in the background, only now and then a sleek-haired, jade earring lady helps to tend the store. Probably, upstairs, behind the screens, they gossip as long and fast as their lords and masters, but Madame Chrysanthemum is enfranchised beside her be-trousled neighbor of the Orient.

In Japanese town, the full flavor of the land of cherry blossoms is missing. Americanism has overreached and probably too many eyes spoiled the local color. Nearly all the signs are translated, many of the men wear American clothes, soda water and an ice chest seem to be an accessory to every store.

On the mauka side of King street, some distance beyond Palama chapel, there is, what appears to be on the outside, a typically Japanese teahouse. It is two stories high, and the interior of the ground floor is screened from the outside view by an elaborate lattice of stained and polished wood, Japanese prints hang on the walls, Japanese vases stand on the floor.

A kimono-clad manager stood in the entry last night, and a girl in gorgeous raiment and voluminous obi suggested the possibility of geisha girls gliding to the music of the samisen in some upper room.

Once inside, however, signs of American adoption asserted themselves; a bicycle stood behind the manager's desk, a telephone hung on the wall, and in a cosy little office, lit with electricity, a modern safe occupied one corner, and neat tin boxes labelled "bills payable," "letters," etc., hung on the walls, in company with an American calendar.

The manager, A. Shami by name, explained that this was a teahouse, owned by a corporation, and in response to an enquiry about geisha girls, grinned knowingly, but replied: "Geisha girl Yokohama, Kobe, plenty; no here; no can want."

The ground floor is divided into private boxes, separated with the elaborate screen partitions, the lattice work commencing about five feet from the ground. The furniture consisted of long oilcloth covered tables, with forms running along the sides. Here were clustered men of the lower classes eating from one common bowl of rice with their fingers. Tea was there in big bowls, and little side dishes of cold fried fish with here and there a pile of soda crackers. The kitchen lay at the back, furnished with an American range and filled with an odor strongly resembling garlic.

Upstairs is reserved for the more distinguished guests. Several small rooms are built round the sides, some of them with lounges inside, and the others furnished with chairs and tables. Here merry parties of four and five were seated, the men as the women, mostly in kimonoes, but with here and there a dudsy clad spruce young Japanese, apparently a household servant. One of the latter, amid much laughter and evident approval, produced a paper package of edibles, probably appropriated from the larder of his mistress, the contents of which were discussed with much gusto.

The fare was cleanly, the utensils spotless, rice, tea, little fishes au naturel, and a mixture that looked like a combination of seaweed and onions cooked in grease, and which tasted like it. Fried fish with heads and tails complete, were favorite delicacies. Chopsticks were freely used upstairs, and paper napkins spread to protect the kimono and obi. The writer had some excellent tea, and then "mos stotz" tea, which means another cup, "kori mizu," which is bad Japanese for ice water, some rice, and a selection of the whole bill of fare. The price was ten cents regularly, but to a writer on the big American Shinbun the courtesies of the house were extended.

The waiters, alas, were men, there were no geisha girls in evidence; no twangling of samisens. The teahouse was only an American-Japanese chop-house, familiar to all visitors to Yokohama. There may be geisha girls in Honolulu, but they are hidden from the ordinary sight of man. The visions of dainty tables and almond-eyed houris proffering sake in cups of daintiest porcelain, are not to be realized in Honolulu. The Japanese of Hawaii seek not to retain the customs of their forefathers, and the glamor of their native customs is forgotten. Rather, they lust after the fleshpots of the foreigner, and aspire above all things to be progressive, which means with them, American.

CLASH OF GANGS ON WATERFRONT

(Continued from Page 1.)

gether with the man who had been severely cut on the jaw during the battle. Swipes probably had a great deal to do with the trouble, but the gang from Kakaako started the row. While the fight was on, the waterfront was foul with the profane and obscene language used by the drunken and disorderly rowdies, those of the Kakaako gang in particular. The sailors and some of the stevedores seemed to be a better lot of men than their opponents. They, at least, would not fight with stones, but called on the others to fight hand to hand.

Several witnesses to the affair, when the stones began to fly, very wisely made up their minds to seek shelter, for the missiles seemed to fall everywhere. That more men were not hurt is a wonder.

This was not the only excitement on the waterfront last night.

Fifty men of the sailors' union were on the Navy wharf shortly before 10 o'clock to see that certain shipping masters did not put a non-union crew aboard the bark Palmyra. The attempt to put the crew aboard, however, did not come off at the expected time, so the main body of men left the wharf after stationing guards about the vessel.



MRS. FLORENCE E. MAYBRICK.

With the accession of King Edward VII the friends of Mrs. Maybrick have had a revival of hope, and renewed efforts for her release are being made. One set of her enthusiastic friends went so far recently as to announce the very hour of the famous prisoner's liberation, but the rumor was shown to be unfounded. In 1889 Mrs. Maybrick, who is an American by birth, was convicted in Liverpool of poisoning her husband, an Englishman, and was sentenced to die. This sentence was subsequently commuted to imprisonment for life. The unfortunate woman's friends believe that King Edward will pardon her ere long.

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